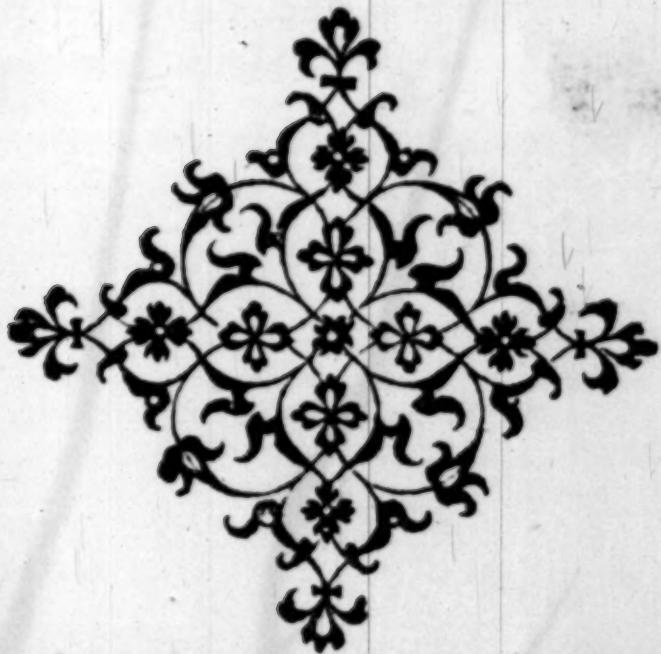


THE  
Second part of the  
troublesome Raigne of King  
*John, conteining the death*  
of Arthur Plantaginet,  
the landing of Lewes, and  
the poysning of King  
John at Swinstead  
*Abbey.*

*As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the  
Queenes Maiesties Players, in the ho-  
nourable Citie of  
London.*

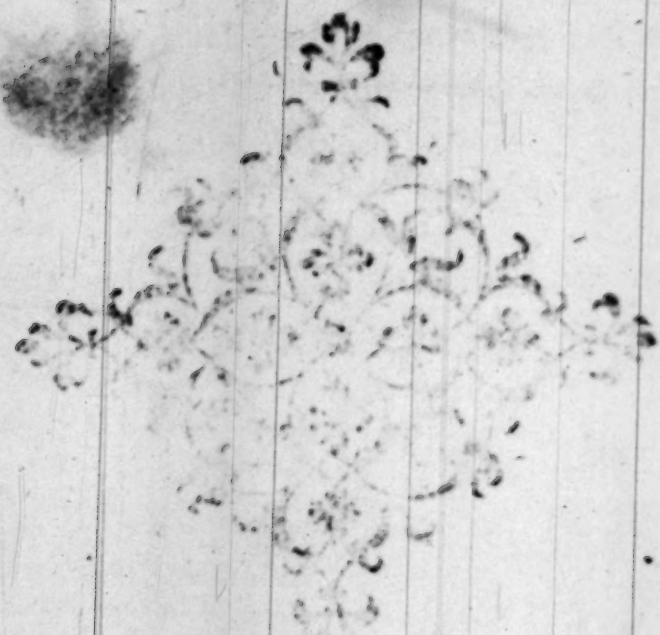


Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke,  
and are to be sold at his shop, on the backe-  
side of the Royall Exchange.

1591.

# THE SECOND PART

The following is a list of the  
titles contained in the  
Collection of the  
Public Pictures  
of the Royal  
Academy of Painting  
and Sculpture.



એવી વિગત નથી કે કોઈ બોલ્ડર જીવની પ્રક્રિયા  
-જીવનની સુધીની વિશે, જે જીવનની  
અનુભૂતિ હોય કે કોઈ બોલ્ડર



## To the Gentlemen Readers.

**T**He changeles purpose of determinide Fate.  
Gives period to our care, or harts content,  
When heauens fixt time for this or that bush end:  
Nor can earths pompe or policie preuent  
The doome ordained in their secrete will.

Gentles, we left King John replete with blisse  
That Arthur linde, whom he supposed flasne;  
And Hubert posting to returne those Lords,  
Who deemed him dead, and parted his content:  
Arthur himselfe begins our latter Act,  
Our Act of outrage, despreate furie, death;  
Wherein fond rashnes murdeth first a Prince,  
And Monkish falsnes poyneth last a King.  
First Scene shewes Arthurs death in infancie,  
And last concludes Johns fatall tragedie.





*The second part of the troublesome Raigne  
of King Iohn, containing the entraunce of Lewes  
the French Kings sonne: with the poysoning of King  
Iohn by a Monke.*

Enter yong Arthur on the walls.

**N**ow helpe good hap to further mine entent,  
Crosse not my pouch with any moze extremes:  
I benter life to gaine my libertie,  
And if I die, worlds troubles haue an end.  
Feare gins diffwade the strength of my resolute,  
My holde will faile, and then alas I fall,  
And if I fall, no question death is next:  
Better desir, and liue in p̄son still.  
Wilson said I 't: nay rather death than so:  
Comfort and courage come againe to me,  
Ile benter sure: tis but a leape for life.

He leapes, and bruising his bones, after he was from  
his traunce, speakes thus;

Hoe, who is nigh? some bodie take me vp.  
Where is my mother?: let me speake with her.  
Who hurtts me thus? speake hoe, where are you gone?:  
Ay me pooze Arthur, I am here alone,  
Why cald I mother, how did I forget?:  
My fall, my fall, bath kilde my Mothers Sonne.  
Whan will she weape at tidings of my death?  
My deach indeed, O God my bones are burst.

# The troublesome Raigne

Sweete Jesu sauē my soule, forgiue my rash attempt,  
Comfort my Mother, shild her from despaire,  
When she shall heare my tragick ouerthowe,  
My heart controules the office of my tong,  
My vitall powers forsake my bruised trunck,  
I dye I dye, heaven take my fletting soule,  
And Lady Mother all good hap to chee. He dyes.

Enter Penbrooke, Salsburie, Essex.

Essex My Lords of Penroke and of Salsbury  
We m. l. ve carefull in our pollicie  
To vnderiuine the kepers of this place,  
Else shall we never find the Princes graue.

Penbrooke My Lord of Essex take no care for that,  
I wreathe you it was not closely done.  
But who is this? lo Lords the withered flowre  
Who in his life shinde like the Mornings blush,  
Cast out a doore, denide his buriall rytte,  
A pray for birds and beasts to gorge vpon.

Salsburie O ruthfull spectacle, O damned deeede;  
My sinnewes shake, my very heart doth bleede.

Essex Leue childish teares braue Lords of England,  
If watersloods could fetch his life againe,  
My eyes shold conduit forth a sea of teares.  
If slobbs would helpe, or sorrowes serue the curre,  
My heart shold volie out deepe piercing plaines.  
But boodesse wert to breath as many sighes  
As might eclipse the brightest Sommers sunne,  
Heere rests the helpe, a seruice to his ghost.  
Let not the tyrant causer of this dole,  
Lieue to triumph in ruthfull massacres,  
Stue hand and hart, and Englishmen to armes,  
Tis Gods deere to wreake vs of these harmes,  
Penbrok The best advise: But who commes postling heere.

Enter

## Act the Second Scene. Of King John.

Enter *Hughbert*.

Right noble Lords, I speake unto you all,  
The King intreats your honest speed  
To visit him, who on your present want,  
Did ban and curse his birth, himselfe and me.  
For executing of his strict command,  
I saw his passion, and at firste time,  
Assurde him of his cousins being safe,  
Whome pittie would not let me dw to death,  
He craves your company my Lords in hast,  
To whome I will conduct young *Arthur* straight,  
Who is in health under my custodie.

*Essex* In health base v' iue, wert not I leauie thy crime  
To Gods revenge, to whome revenge belongs,  
Were shouldest thou perish on my Rapires point,  
Calst thou this health ? such health betide thy friends,  
And all that are of thy condition.

*Hughbert* My Lords, but heare me speake, & kill me then,  
If heere I lefe not this yong Prince aliue,  
Vaugre the basty Edict of the King,  
Who gaue me charge to put out both his eyes,  
That God that gaue me living to this howre,  
Thunder revenge upon me in this place :  
And as I tenderd him with earnest loue,  
So God loue me, and then I shall be well.

*S. 1. 1.* Hence crayer hence thy councel is heerein. Exit *Hughb.*  
Some in this place appoynted by the King  
Haue thowne him from this lodging here aboue,  
And sure the quarcher hath bin newly done,  
For yet the body is not fully colde.

*Essex* How say youe Lords, shall we with speed dispatch  
Under our hands a packet into Fraunce  
To bid the Dolphin enter with his force  
To claime the Kingdome for his proper right,  
His title maketh lawfull strength thereto.  
Besides the Pope, on perill of his curse,

*Hast.*

# The troublous Raigne

That hath vs of abedien<sup>c</sup> at<sup>t</sup> to<sup>s</sup> low,  
This haefull murder Lewes his true discent,  
The holy charge that wee receive from Rome,  
Are weightie reasons if you like my rede,  
To make vs all persuer in this deede.

Pembroke My Lord of Salsbury have you aduise,  
I will accorde to furcht<sup>e</sup> what you say.

Salsbury And Salsbury will not say the same,  
But aid that court<sup>h</sup> so far forth he can.

Essex Then eare<sup>r</sup> vs send<sup>o</sup> to bringe his Alles.  
To vntre him in his morytace  
And let<sup>o</sup> his entombement be done,  
The tenth of Appill at Chaine Edwards B.  
Write to comfort me on the Altar where  
I were w<sup>r</sup> when I auised to this aduise;  
Meane while let vs conueny the body hence,  
And g<sup>ve</sup> him buriall as begets his state,  
Keeping his manys minde and his conueytes  
With solempne intercession for his soule.  
How say you Lordings, are you all agreed?

Pembroke The tenth of Appill at Chaine Edwards B.  
God letting not, I will not fail the tyme.

Essex Then let vs all conueny the body hence. Exeunt

Enter King John with two or three and the Prophet.

John Disturbed thoughtes forecomers of mine ill,  
Distracted passions, signes of growing harmes,  
Strange Propheticies of mischance perhaps,  
Confound my w<sup>r</sup>es, and das<sup>h</sup> my sensess so,  
That euery obiect these mine eyes behold  
Seeme instruments to bring me to my end.  
Ascension day is come, John feare not then  
The prodiges this prating Prophet threatens.  
Tis come indeede: ah were it fully past,  
Then were I careles of a thousand feares.

## of King John.

The Diall tells me, it is twelve at noone.  
Were twelve at midnight past, then might I haue  
False seers prophecies of no impoſt.  
Conſe I as well with this right hand of mine  
Remoue the Sunne from our Meridian,  
Unto the moſted circle of th' Antipodes,  
As turne thy ſteele from twelve to th' twelve agen.  
Then John the date of fatal propheſies  
Shal do with the Prophet's life togēther evē.  
But *Musca dabant inter calicem supr̄nōque labra*  
Peter, vafay thy fooliſh doeing dreame.  
And by the Crowne of England heere I ſwear,  
To make thee greet, and greateſt of thy kin.

True, King John, although the time I haue preſcribed  
Be but twelve houres remayning yet behiſtore  
Yet do I know by iſpiration,  
That the ſixtme he ſuſtly come about,  
King John ſhall not be King as befre tofore.

John Vain bafſard, what miſchaunce can chaunce to ſome  
To ſee a King beside his regall ſeate:  
My heart is good, my body poſting ſtrong,  
My land in peace, my enemys subdued,  
Orly my Batons ſlo; me at Arthurs deat̄h,  
But Arthur liues, I there the challenge growes,  
Where he deſpatche unto his longeſt home,  
Then were the King ſecure of thofand foes.  
Haueſt what news with thee, whare are my Lordz?

Hubert War newes my Lord, Arthur the louely Prince  
Seing to eſcape ouer the Castle walles,  
Fell headlong downe, and in the cuſed fall  
He brake his bones, and ther before the gate  
Your Batons found him dead, and breakeleſſe quicke.

John Is Arthur dead? then Hubert without moſe words  
hang the Prophet.  
Away with Peter, vilen out of my fight,  
I am deafe, be gone, let him nos ſpeake a word.

# The troublesome Raigne

Now John, thy feares are vanish't into smoake,  
Arthur is dead, thou guiltlesse of his death.  
Sweete Youth, but that I strived for a Crowne,  
I could haue well affoorded to thine age  
Long life, and happiness to thy content.

Enter the Bastard.

John Philip, what newes with thee?  
Bastard The newes I heard was Peters prayars,  
Who wisht like fortune to befall vs all:  
And with that word, the rope his latest friend,  
Kept him from falling headlong to the ground.

John There let him hang, and be the Rauens food,  
While John triumphs in spight of Prophicies.  
But what's the tidings from the Popelings now.  
What say the Monkes and Priests to our proceedings?  
Wheres the Barons that so sodainly  
Did leaue the King upon a false surmisse?

Bastard The Prelates storne & chirst for sharpe reuenge.  
But please your Maiestie, were that the worst,  
It little skild: a greater danger growes,  
Which must be weeded out by carefull speede,  
Or all is lost, for all is leueld ac.

John More frighes and feares, what ere thy tidings be,  
I am preparde: then Philip quickly say,  
Deane they to murder, or imprison me,  
To give my crowne away to Rome or Fraunce;  
Or will they each of them become a King?  
Worse than I thinke it is, it cannot be.

Bastard Not worse my Lord, but euerie whit as bad:  
The Nobles haue elected Leves King,  
In right of Ladie Blanche your Neece, his Wilfer  
His landing is expected every hower,  
The Nobles, Comunions, Clergie, all Estates,  
Incited chiesely by the Cardinals,

Pandulph

## of King John.

Pandulph that lies here Legate for the Pope,  
Thinks long to see their new elected King.  
And for undoubted proose, see here my Liege  
Letters to me from your Nobilitie,  
To be a partie in this action :  
Who vnder shew of fained holines,  
Appoynt their meeting at S. Edmonds Barry,  
There to consulte, conspire, and conclude  
The overthrow and downfall of your State.

*John* Why so it must be : one hower of content  
Matcht with a monthe of passionate effects.  
Why shines the Sunne to fauour this consort ?  
Why doo the windes not breake their brazen gates,  
And scatter all these periurd complices,  
With all their counsell and their damned vrists.  
But see the welkin rolleth gently on,  
Theres not a lowring clowde to frowne on them ;  
The heauen, the earth, the sunne, the mone and all  
Conspire with those confederates my decay.  
Then hell for me if any power be there,  
Forsake that place, and guide me stepby step  
To povson, strangle, murder in their steps  
These traitors : oh that name is too good for them,  
And death is easie : is there nothing worse  
To wreake me on this proud peace-breaking crew :  
What saist thou Philip ? why assist thou not,

*Bastard* These curses (good my Lord) fit not the season :  
Help must descend from heauen against this treason ?

*John* Nay thou wilt prooue a traitor with the rest,  
Goe get thee to them, shame come to you all.

*Bastard* I would be loath to leane your Hignes thus,  
Yet you command, and I though friend will goe.

*John* Al Philip whether goest thou come againe. (man.)

*Bastard* My Lord these motions are as passions of a mad

*John* A mad man Philip, I am mad indeed,  
My hart is razed, my senses all forsedone.

# The troublesome Raigne

And John of England now is quite vndone,  
Was ever King as I opprest with cares ?  
Dame Elianor my noble Mother Quene,  
My onely hope and comfort in distresse,  
Is dead, and England excommunicate,  
And I am interdicted by the Pope ,  
All Churches curst, their doores are sealed vp,  
And for the pleasure of the Romish Priest,  
The seruice of the Highest is neglected ;  
The multitude (a beast of many heads)  
Do wish confusion to their Soueraigne ;  
The Nobles blinded with ambitions fumes,  
Assemble powers to beat mine Empire downe,  
And more than this, elect a forren King.  
O England, wert thou euer miserable,  
King John of England sees thee miserable :  
John, tis thy sinnes that makes it miserable,  
*Quicquid delirunt Reges, plectuntur Achius.*  
Philip, as thou hast euer loude thy King,  
So shew it now : post to S. Edmonds Bury,  
Dissemble with the Nobles, know their drifts,  
Confound their diuelish plots, and damnd deuices.  
Though John be faulcie, yet let subiects beare,  
He will amend and right the peoples wrongs.  
A Mother though she were unnaturall,  
Is better than the kindest Stepdame is :  
Let never Englishman crust forraine rule.  
Then Philip shew thy fealtie to thy King,  
And mongst the Nobles plead thou for the King.  
Bastard I goe my Lord : see how he is distraught,  
This is the cursed Priest of Italy  
Hath heapt these mischieves on this haplesse Land.  
Now Philip, hadst thou Tullyes eloquence,  
Then mightest thou hope to plead with good successse. Exit.  
John And art thou gone ? successse may follow thee :  
Thus hast thou shewd thy kinnes to thy King.

Sirra,

## of King John.

Sirra, in hast goe greece the Cardinall,  
Pandulph I meane, the Legate from the Pope.  
Say that the King desires to speake with him.  
Now John bethinke thee how thou maist resolute:  
And if thou wilt continue Englands King,  
Then cast about to keape thy Diadem;  
For life and land, and all is leueld at.  
The Pope of Rome, tis he that is the cause,  
He curseth thee, he sets thy subiects free  
From due obedience to their Soueraigne:  
He animates the Nobles in their warres,  
He giues away the Crowne to Philips Sonne,  
And pardons all that seeke to murther thee:  
And thus blinde zeale is still predominant.  
Then John there is no way to keape thy Crowne,  
But finely to dissemble with the Pope:  
That hand that gaue the wound must giue the salve  
To cure the burt, els quite incurable.  
Thy sinnes are farre too great to be the man  
To abolish Pope, and Popery from thy Realme:  
But in thy Seate, if I may gesse at all,  
A King shall raigne that shall supprese them all.  
Peace John, here comes the Legate of the Pope,  
Dissemble thou, and whatsoere thou saist,  
Yet with thy heart wish their confusione.

Enter Pandulph.

Pand. Now John, vnworthe man to be iach on earth,  
That dost oppugne against thy Mother Church:  
Why am I sent fox to thy cursed selfe?  
John Thou man of God, Vicegerent for the Pope,  
The holy Vicar of S. Peters Church,  
Upon my knees, I pardon craue of thee,  
And doe submit me to the sea of Rome,  
Till vow for penaunce of my high offence,

# The troublesome Raigne

To take on me the holy Croſte of Christ,  
And cary Armies in holy Christian warres.

Pandulph. No John, thy crowching and dissembling thus  
Cannot deceiue the Legate of the Pope,  
Say what thou wilt, I will not credit thee :  
Thy Crowne and Kingdome both are cane away,  
And thou art curst without redemption.

John Accurst indeſide to kneele to ſuch a djudge,  
And get no help with thy ſubmiſſion,  
Unſhath thy ſword, and ſlay the miſproued priuie  
That thus triumphs ove the a mighē King :  
No John ſubmit againe diſemblaſt yet,  
For Priuies and Wemen muſt be flattered.  
Yet holly Father thou thy ſelue doſt know  
No time to late for ſinners to repene,  
Absolute me then, and John doth ſware to do  
The uermofte what euer thou demauendſt.

Pandulph John, now I ſee thy harty penitence,  
I rew and pitcy thy diſtreſt estate,  
One way is leſt to reconcile thy ſelue,  
And only one which I ſhall ſhew to thee.  
Thou muſt ſurrender to the ſea of Rome  
Thy Crowne and Diadem, then ſhall the Pope  
Defend thee from thiuaſion of thy foes.  
And where his holinesſe hath kindled Fraunce,  
And ſet thy ſubiects hearts at warre with thee,  
Then ſhall he curſe thy foes, and beate them downe,  
That ſeeke the diſcontentment of the King.

John From bad to worse or I muſt loſe my realme,  
Or giue my Crowne for peniance unto Rome ?  
A miserie more piercynge than the darts  
That breake from burning exhalations power.  
What : ſhall I giue my Crowne with this right hand ?  
No : with this hand defend thy Crowne and thee.  
What newes with thee.

Enter

## of King John.

Enter Messenger.

Please it your Maiestie, there is desctried on the Coast of Kent an hundred Shytle of Ships, which of all men is thought to be the French Fletche, vnder the conduct of the Dolphin, so that it puses the Cuntrie in a mutinie, so they send to your Grace for succour.

K. John How now Lord Cardinall, what's your best advise,  
These mutinies must be allayd in time  
By pollicy or headstrong rage at least.  
O John, these troubles tyre thy wearyed soule,  
And like to Luna in a sad Eclipse,  
So are thy thoughts and passions for this newes.  
Well may it be when Kings are grieved so,  
The vulgar sort worke Princes ouerthow.

Cardinall K. John, for not effecting of thy plighted vow,  
This strange annoyance happens to thy land:  
But yet be reconcild vnto the Church,  
And nothing shall be grienous to thy state.

John On Pandulph be it as thou hast decreed,  
John will not spurne against thy sound advise,  
Come lees awaie, and with thy helpe I crow  
My Realme shall florish and my Crowne in peace.

Enter the Nobles, Penbrooke, Essex, Chester, Bewchampe,  
Clare, with others.

Penbrooke Now sweet S. Edmond holy Saint in heauen,  
Whose Shrine is sacred, high esteemeid on earth,  
Infuse a constant zeale in all our hearts  
To prosecute this act of mickle waight,  
Lord Bewchampe say, what friends haue you procurde.

Bewchamp. The L. Fitz Water, L. Percy, and L. Rosse,  
Mold meeting heere this day the leuened houre.

Essex Under the cloke of holie Pilgrimage,

By

# The troublesome Raigne

By that same houre on warrant of their faith,  
Phillip Plantagener, a bird of swiftest wing,  
Lord Eastace, Vesey, Lord Cressy, and Lord Mowbrey,  
Appoynted meeting at S. Edwounds Shrine.

Pembroke Untill their presence ile conceale my tale,  
Sweete complices in holie Christian acts,  
That venture for the purchase of renowne,  
Thrice welcome to the league of high resolue,  
That parane their bodies for their soules regard.

Essex Now wanteth but the rest to end this worke,  
In Pilgrims habit commes our holie troupe  
A furlong hence with swifte unwonted pace,  
May be they are the persons you exspect. (zeale,

Pembroke With swifte unwonted gate, see what a thing is.  
That spurrs them on with seruence to this Shrime,  
Now soy come to them for their true intent  
And in good time heere come the warmen all  
That sweate in body by the minds disease  
Hap and hartsease braue Lordings be your lot.

Enter the Bastard Phillip. &c.  
Amen my Lords, the like betide your lucke,  
And all that trauaile in a Christian cause.

Essex Cheerely replied braue braunch of kingly stock,  
A right Plantagener should reason so.  
But silence Lords, attend our commings cause,  
The seruile yoke that payned vs with toyle,  
On strong instinct hath framd this couentick'e,  
To ease our necks of seruitudes contempt.  
Should I not name the foeman of our rest,  
Which of you all so barraigne in conceipt,  
As cannot leuell at the man I meane?  
But least Enigmas shadow shining truth  
Plainly to paint as truth requires no arte,  
The effect of this resoult impoyleth this,  
To rooce and cleane extirpate titane John,  
Tiran I say, appealing to the man,

## of King John.

If any heere that loues him, and I aske  
What kindship, leuitie, or christian raigne  
Rules in the man, to barre this soule impeach.  
First I inferre the *Chefters* bannishment:  
For reprehending him in most vncchristian crimes,  
Was speciaill notice of a tyrants will.  
But were this all, the deuill should be saud,  
But this the least of many thousand faults,  
That circumstance with leisure might display.  
Our priuate wrongs, no parcell of my tale  
Which now in presence, but for some great cause  
Might wish to him as to a mortall foe.  
But shall I close the period with an acte  
Abhorring in the eares of Christian men,  
His Cosens death, that sweet vnguilty childe,  
Untimely butchered by the tyrants meanes,  
Herte is my prokes as cleere as grauell brooke,  
And on the same I further must inferre,  
That who vpholds a tyrant in his course,  
Is culpable of all his damned guilt.  
To shew the which, is yet to be describd.  
My Lord of Penbrooke shew what is behinde,  
Only I say that were there nothing else  
To moue vs but the Popes most dreadfull curse,  
Whereof we are assured if we fayle,  
It were inough to instigate vs all  
With earnestnesse of sprit to seeke a meane  
To dispossesse John of his regiment.

Penbrooke Well hath my Lord of Essex tolde his tale,  
Which I auer for most substanciall truth,  
And more to make the matter to our minde,  
I say that Lewes in chalenge of his wife,  
With title of an uncontrouled plea  
To al that longeth to our English Crowne.  
Short tale to make, the See apostolick  
Hath offerd dispensation for the fault.

# The troublesome Raigne

If any be, as trust me none I know  
By planting Lewes in the Usurpers roome :  
This is the cause of all our presence heere,  
That on the holie Altar we protest  
To ayde the right of Lewes with goods and life,  
Who on our knowledge is in Armes for England.  
What say you Lordes :

Salsburie As Pembroke sayth, affirmeth Salsburie :  
Faire Lewes of Fraunce that spoused Lady Blanch,  
Hath title of an uncontrouled strenght  
To England, and what longeth to the Crowne :  
In right wheresof, as we are true informd,  
The Prince is marching hitherward in Armes.  
Our purpose to conclude that with a word,  
Is to inuest him as we may devise,  
King of our Countrey in the tyrants stead :  
And so the warrant on the Altar sworne,  
And so the intent for which we hicher came.

Bastard. My Lord of Salsbury, I cannot couch  
My speeches with the needfull words of arte,  
As duch beseeme in such a waighcie wroke,  
But what my conscience and my dutie will  
I purpose to imparte.  
For Chesters exile, blame his busie wit,  
That medled where his dutie quicke forbade :  
For any priuate causes that you haue,  
He thinke they shold not mount to such a height,  
As to depose a King in their reuenge.  
For Archurs death King John was innocent,  
He desperat was the deathsmen to himselfe,  
With you to make a colour to your crime iniustly do impute  
But wherell traptoisme hath residence, (to his default,  
There wants no words to set despight on wroke.  
I say tis shame, and worthy all reprofe,  
To wrost such pettie wrongs in termes of right,  
Against a King annoyed by the Lord.

Why

## of King John.

Whyp Salsburie admit the wrongs are true,  
Yet subiects may not take in hand reuenge,  
And rob the heauens of their proper power,  
Where sitteth he to whome reuenge belongs.  
And doth a Pope, a Priest, a man of pride  
Give charters for the liues of lawfull Kings ?  
What can he blesse, or who regards his curse,  
But such as giue to man, and takes from God,  
I speake it in the sight of God aboue,  
Theres not a man that dyes in your beliefe,  
But selis his soule perpetually to payne.  
Ard Lewes, leaue God, kill John, please hell,  
Make haueock of the welfare of your soules,  
For haere I leaue you in the sight of heauen,  
A troupe of traytors foode for hellish feends ;  
If you desist, then follow me as friends,  
If not, then do your worst as hatefull traytors.  
For Lewes his right alas tis too lame,  
A senselesse clayme, if truch be titles friend.  
In brieke, if this be cause of our resorte,  
Our pilgrimage is to the Devils Shrine.  
I came not Lords to troupe as traytors do,  
Nor will I counsaile in so bad a cause :  
Please you returne, wee go againe os friends,  
If not, I to my King, and you where traytors please. Exit.

Percy A hote young man, and so my Lords proceed,  
I let him go, and better lost then found.

Penbrooke What say you Lords, will all the rest proceed,  
Will you all with me swear upon the Alter  
That you wil to the death be ayd to Lewes, & enemy to John ?  
Every man lay his hād by mine, in witnes of his hāres accord,  
Well then, every man to Armes to meete the King  
Who is alreadie before London.

Messenger Enter.

Penbrooke What newes Parrot.

# The troublesome Raigne

The right Christian Prince my Maister, Lewes of Fraunce, is  
at hand, comming to visit your Honors, directed hether by  
the right honorable Richard Earle of Bigot, to conferre  
with your Honors.

Penbrooke How neare is his Highnesse,  
Messenger Ready to enter your presence.

Enter Lewes, Earle Bigot, with his troupe.

Lewes Faire Lords of England, Lewes salutes you all  
As friends, and syrme welwillers of his meale,  
At whose request from plenty flowing Fraunce  
Crossing the Oceane with a Southern gale,  
He is in person come at your commandes  
To vnderake and gracie withall  
The fulnesse of your fauours proffered him.  
But worldes bjaue men, omitting promises,  
Till time be minister of moxe amcuds,  
I must acquaint you with our fortunes course.  
The heauens dewing fauours on my head,  
Haue in their conduct safe with victorie,  
Brought me along your well manured bounds,  
With small repulse, and little crosse of chauine,  
Your Citie Rochester with great applause  
By some deuine instinct layd armes aside:  
And from the hollow holes of Thamelesis  
Eecho apace replide Vnde la roy.  
From thence, along the wanton rowling glade  
To Troynewant your layne Metropolis,  
With luck came Lewes to shew his troupes of Fraunce,  
Twining our Ensignes with the dallyng windes,  
The fearefull obiect of sell scowning warre;  
Where after some assault, and small defence,  
Heauens may I say, and not my watlike troupe,  
Temperd their hearts to take a friendly foe  
Within the compasse of their high built walles,  
Gaining me title as it seemd they wish.

Thus

## of King John.

Thus Fortune (Lords) acts to your forwardnes  
Meanes of content in lieu of somer griefe :  
And may I liue but to requice you all,  
Worlds wish were mine in dying noted yours.

*Salisbury* Welcome the balme that closeth vp our wounds,  
The soueraigne medcine soz our quick recure,  
The anchor of our hope, the onely prop,  
Whereto depends our lues, our lands, our weale,  
Without the which, as sheepe without their heard,  
(Except a shepheard winking at the Wolfe)  
We stray, we pine, we run to thousand harmes.  
No mercuiale then though with unwonted ioy.  
We welcome him that beareth woes away.

*Lewes* Thanks to you all of this religious League,  
A holy knot of Catholique consent.  
I cannot name you Lordings, man by man,  
But like a stranger unacquainted yet,  
In generall I promise faichfull loue :  
Lord Bigot, brought me to S Edmonds Shryne,  
Giuing me warrant of a Christian oath,  
That this assembly came deuoced heare,  
To swearre according as your packets shold,  
Homage and loyall seruice to our selfe,  
I neede not doube the suretie of your wills ;  
Since well I know so many of your lukes  
The townes haue yeelded on their owne accordes :  
Yet so a fashion, not so misbelieve,  
My eyes must witnes, and these eares must heare  
Your oath vpon the holy Alcar swoyne,  
And after march to end our commings cause.

*Salf.* That we intend no other than good truthe,  
All that are present of this holy League,  
For confirmation of our better trust,  
In presence of his Highnes swearre with me,  
The sequel that my selfe shal veter heare.

# The troublelome Raigne

¶ Thomas Plantagenet Earle of Salisbury, sweare vpon the Altar, and by the holy Armie of Gaines, homage and allegiance to the right Christian Prince Lewes of Fraunce, as true and righfull King to England, Cornwall and Wales, & to their Territories, in the defence whereof I bypon the holy Altare sweare all forwardnes. All the Eng Lords sweare,

As the noble Earle hath sworne, so sweare we all.

Lewes I rest assured on your holy oath,  
And on this Altar in like sorte I sweare  
Loue to you all, and princely recompence  
To guerdon your goodwills unto the full.  
And since I am at this religious Shrine,  
My good welwillers, give vs leaue awhile  
To vse somc orisons our selues apart  
To all the holy companie of heauen,  
That they will smile vpon our purposes,  
And bring them to a fortunate euent.

Salsbury We leaue your Highnes to your good intent.

Exect Lords of England.

Lewes Now Uicount Meloun, what remaines behinde?  
Trust me these traitors to their sonereigne State  
Are not to be beleueide in any sorte.

Meloun Indeed my Lord, they that infringe their oaths,  
And play the rebells against their natiue King,  
Will for as little cause revole from you,  
If euer opportunitie incite them so:  
For once forsworne, and neuer after sound,  
Theres no affiance after perfidie.

Lewes Well Meloun well, lets smooch with them awhile,  
Untill we haue as much as they can doo:  
And when their vertue is exhaled vrie,  
Ile hang them for the guerdon of their helpe,  
Meane while we'l vse them as a precious poysone  
To undertake the issue of our hope.

Fr. Lord Tis policie (my Lord) to bait our hookes  
With merry smiles, and promise of much waight:

Buc

## of King Iohn.

But when your Highnes needeth hem no more.

Tis good make sure work with them, least indeede

They proue to you as to their naturall King.

*Axellus* Trust me my Lord, right well haue you aduises

Verayme for vse, but never for a spayre

Is to be dalliyed with, least it infect.

Where you installd, as soone I hope you shall:

Be free from traito<sup>r</sup>s, and dispatch them all.

*Lewes* That so I meane, I sweare before you all

On this same Altar, and by heauens power,

There's not an English traytor of them all,

*John* once dispatcht, and I faire Englands King,

Shall on his shoulders beare his head one day,

But I will crop it for their guiles desert:

No<sup>t</sup> shall their heires enioy their Siginories,

But perish by their parents fowle amisse.

This haue I sworne, and this will I performe,

If ere I come unto the heighe Tho<sup>p</sup>e.

Lay downe your hands, and sweare the same with mee.

### The French Lords sweare.

Why so, now call them in, and speake them faire,

A smile of France will feed an English foole.

Beare them in hand as friends, for so they be:

But in the hart like traytor<sup>r</sup>s as they are.

### Enter the English Lords.

Note famous followers, chieftaines of the world,

Haue we sollicited with heartie prayere

The heauen in fauour of our high attempt.

Leue we this place, and march we with our power

To towse the Tyrant from his chiefeſt hold:

And when our labours haue a prosperous end,

Each man shall reape the fruice of his deser<sup>t</sup>e.

And so resolute, þanne followers let vs hence.

Enter

# The troublesome Raigne

Enter K. John, Bastard, Pandulph, and a many priests  
with them.

Thus John thou art absolute from all thy sinnes,  
And freed by order from our fathers curse.  
Receiue thy Crowne againe, with this pouesse,  
That thou remaine true liege man to the Pope,  
And carry armes in right of holy Rome.

John I holde the same as tenaunt to the Pope,  
And chanke your Holines for your kindnes showne.

Philip A proper iest, when Kings must styp to Friars,  
Neede hath no law, when Friars must be Kings.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your Maiestie, the Prince of Fraunce,  
With all the Nobles of your Graces Land;  
Are marching hechward in good array,  
Where ere they set their foote, all places yeld:  
Thy Land is theirs, and not a foote holds out  
But Douer Castle, which is hard besiegd.

Pandulph Feare not King John, thy kingdome is þ popes,  
And they shall know his Holines hath power,  
To beat them soone from whence he hath to doo.

Drums and Trumpets. Enter Lewes, Melun, Salis-  
bury, Essex, Pembroke, and all the Nobles from  
Fraunce, and England.

Lewes Pandulph, as gaue his Holines in charge,  
So hath the Dolphin mustred vp his troupes  
And wonne the greatest part of all this Land.  
But ill becomes your Grace Lord Cardinall,  
Thus to conuerse with John that is accurst.

Pandulph

## of King John.

Pandulph Lewes of France, victorious Conqueror,  
Whose sword hath made this Land quake for fear;  
Thy forwardnes to fight for holy Rome,  
Shalbe remunerated to the full:  
But know my Lord, K. John is now abolute,  
The Pope is please, the Land is blest agen,  
And thou hast brought each thing to good effect.  
It resteth then that thou withdraw thy powers,  
And quickly returne to France againe:  
For all is done the Pope would wish thee doo.

Lewes But als not done that Lewes came to doo.  
Whyp Pandulph, hath K. Philip sent his sonne  
And been at such excesse charge in warres,  
To be dismissit with words? K. John shall know,  
England is mine, and he usurps my right.

Pand. Lewes, I charge thee and thy complices  
Upon the paine of Pandulphs holy curse,  
That thou withdraw thy powers to Fraunce againe,  
And peele up London and the neighbour Townes  
That thou hast cane in England by the sword.

Melun Lord Cardinall, by Lewes princely leue,  
It can be hought but usurpation  
In thee, the Pope, and all the Church of Rome,  
Thus to insult on Kings of Christendome,  
Now with a word to make them carie armes,  
Then with a word to make them leue their armes.  
This must noe be: Prince Lewes keepe thine owne,  
Let Pope and Popelings curse their bellyes full.

Bast. By Lord of Melun, what title had the Prince  
To England and the Crowne of Albion,  
But such a title as the Pope confirme:  
The Prelate now lets fali his fained claime:  
Lewes is but the agent for the Pope,  
Then must the Dolphin cease, sith he bath ceast:  
But cease or na, it greatly matters not,  
If you my Lords and Barrons of the Land

# The troublesome Raigne

Will leue the French, and cleave unto your King.  
For shame pe Peeres of England, suffer not  
Your selues, your honours, and your land to fall:  
But with resolute thoughts beate back the French,  
And free the Land from yoke of servitude.

Salisbury Philip, not so, Lord Lewes is our King,  
And we will follow him unto the death.

Pand. Then in the name of Innocent the Pope,  
I curse the Prince and all that take his part,  
And excommunicate the rebell Peeres  
As traitors to the King, and to the Pope.

Lewes Pandolph, our swords shall blesse our selves agen:  
Prepare thee John, Lords follow me your King. Exeunt.

John Accursed John, the diuell owes thee shame,  
Resisting Rome, or yeelding to the Pope, alls one.  
The diuell take the Pope, the Peeres, and Fraunce:  
Shame be my share for yeelding to the Pope.

Pand. Comfort thy self K. John, the Cardinall goes  
Upon his curse to make them leue their armes. Exit.

Bastard Comfort my Lord, and curse the Cardinall,  
Betake your self to armes, my troupes are prest  
To answeare Lewes with a lustie shocke:  
The English Archers haue their quivers full,  
Their bowes are bent, the pykes are prest to push:  
God cheere my Lord, K. Richards fortune hangs  
Upon the plume of warlike Philips helme.  
Then let them know his brother and his sonnes  
Are leaders of the Englishmen at armes.

John Philip I know not how to answeare thee:  
But let vs hence, to answeare Lewes pride.

Excursions. Enter Melton with English Lords.

Mel. O I am slaine, Nobles, Salsbury, Pembroke,  
My soule is charged, heare me: for what I say  
Concernes the Peeres of England, and their State.

Listen

## of King John.

Listen, braue Lords, a fearfull mourning tale  
To be delivered by a man of death.  
Behold these scarres, the bole of bloudie Mars  
Are harbingers from natures common foe,  
Cytting this trunke to Tellus prison house;  
Lifes charter (Lordings) lasteth not an hower:  
And fearfull thoughts, forerunners of my end,  
Bids me giue Phisick to a sickly soule.  
O Peeres of England, know you what you doo,  
Theres but a haire that sunders you from hatme,  
The hooke is bayted, and the traine is made,  
And simply you runne doating to your dea:hs.  
But least I dye, and leaue my tale untolde,  
With silence slaughtering so braue a crew.  
This I auerre, if Lewes winche day,  
Theres not an Englishman that lifes his hand  
Against King John to plant the heire of Fraunce,  
But is already damnd to cruell death.  
I heard it bowd; my selfe amongst the rest  
Swoze on the Altar ailes this Coate.  
Two causes Lords, makes me display this drise,  
The greatest for the freedome of my soule,  
That longs to leaue this mansion free from guilt:  
The other on a naturall instinct.  
For that my Grandfatre was an Englishman.  
Misdoubt not Lords the truth of my discourse,  
No frenzie, nor no brainesick idle fit,  
But well advise, and wotting what I say.  
Pronounce I here before the face of heauen,  
That nothing is discouert but a truth.  
Tis time to flie, submit your selues to John,  
The smiles of Fraunce shade in the frownes of death,  
Lift vp your swords, turne face against the French,  
Expell the yoke thac framed for your necks.  
Back warmen, back, imbowell not the clyme,  
Your seace, your nurse, your bith dapes breathing place,

# The troublesome Raigne

That bled you, bears you, brought you vp in armes.

Ah be not so ingrate to digge your Mothers graue.

Preserue your lambes and beat away the Wolfe.

My soule hath said, contritions penitence

Layes hold on mans redempcion for my sinne.

Farewell my Lords, witnes my falech when wee are mett in

And soz my kindnes give me graue roome heere. (heauen,

My soule doth fleete, worlds vanities farewell.

Salsb. Now soy betide thy soule wel-meaning man.

Now now my Lords, what cooling cordis this,

A greater grise growes now than earst hath been.

What counsell give you, shall we stay and dye ?

Or shall we home, and kneele vnto the King.

Pemb. My hart misgaine this sad accursed newes :

What haue we done, fie Lords, what frenzie moued

Our hearts to yeeld vnto the pride of Fraunce ?

If we persecut, we are sure to dye :

If we desist, small hope againe of life.

Salsb. Beare hence the boode of this wretched man,

That made vs wretched with his dyng tale,

And stand not wayling on our present harmes,

As women wont : but seeke our harines redresse.

As ior my selfe, I will in hast be gon :

And kneele for pardon to our Souerigne John.

Pemb. There's the way, iers rather kneele to him,  
Than to the French that would confound vs all. Exeunt.

Enter King John carried betweene 2. Lords.

John Set downe, set downe the load not worth your pain,

For done I am with deadly wounding griesse :

Sickly and succourles, hopeles of any good,

The world hath wearied me, and I haue wearied it :

It loathes I live, I live and loath my selfe.

Who pities me ? to whom haue I been kinde ?

But to a few ; a few will pitie me.

Why dye I not ? Death scoues to bilde a prey.

Why

## of King John.

Why liue I not, life hates so sad a prize.  
I sue to both to be retaynd of either,  
But both are deafe, I can be heard of neither.  
Nor death nor life, yet life and neare the neare,  
Vnire with death biding I wot not where.

Philip. How fares my Lord that he is carped thus,  
Not all the awkward sortunes yet beslaine,  
Made such impression of lament in me.  
Nor euer did my eye attaynt my heart  
With any object moving more remorse,  
Than now beholding of a mighty King,  
Boyned by his Lords in such distressed state.

John What news with thee, if bad, report it straice;  
If good, be mute, it doth but flatter me.

Phillip Such as it is, and heauie though it be  
To glut the world with tragick elegies,  
Once will I breath to agrauate the rest,  
Another moane to make the measure full.  
The brauest bowman had not yet sent forth  
Two arrowes from the quiver at his side,  
But that a rumor went throughout our Campe,  
That John was fled, the King had left the field.  
At last the rumor scald these eares of mine,  
Who rather chose as sacrifice for Mars,  
Than ignominious scandall by receypte.  
I cheerd the troupes as did the Prince of Troy  
His weery followers gainst the Mirmidons,  
Crying alowde S. George, the day is ours.  
But feare had capinated courage quite,  
And like the Lamb before the greedie Wolfe,  
So hartlesse fled our warmen from the field.  
Short tale to make, my selfe amongst the rest,  
Was faine to flee before the eager foe.  
By thi time night had shadowed all the earth,  
With sable curteinos of the blackest hue,  
And sent us from the fury of the French,

# The troublesome Raigne

As I from the jealous Junes eye,  
When in the morning our troupes did gath' red,  
Passing the walres with our carriages,  
The impartiall tyde deadly and inexorable,  
Came raging in with billowes threatening deach,  
And swallowed vp the most of all our men,  
My selfe upon a Galloway right free, well pacde,  
Out stript the flouds that followed waue by waue,  
Also escapt to tell this tragick tale.

John Grieke vpon grieke, yet none so great a grieke,  
To end this life, and thereby rid my grieke.  
Was euer any so infortunate,  
The right Idea of a cuttled man,  
As I, poore I, a triumph for despight,  
My feuer growes, whatague shakes me so?  
How farre to Swinsteed, tell me do you know,  
Present unto the Abbot word of my repaire.  
My sicknesse rages, to tirannize vpon me,  
I cannot liue unlesse this feuer leau me.

Phillip. Good cheare my Lord, the Abbey is at hand,  
Behold my Lord the Churchmen come to meeete you.

Enter the Abbot, and certayne Monks.

Abbot All health & happiness to our souerigne Lord the  
John No health nor happiness hath John at all. (King,  
Say Abbot am I welcome to thy house.

Abbot Such welcome as our Abbey can afford,  
Your Maiestie shalbe assured of.

Phillip The King thou seest is weake and very fainte,  
What victuals hast thou to refresh his Grace.

Abbot God stote my Lord, of that you neede not feare,  
For Lincolneshire, and these our Abbey grounds  
Were never fatter, nor in better plighe.

John Phillip, thou never needst to doubt of cates,  
Nor King nor Lord is seated halfe so well,  
As are the Abbeys throughout all the land,  
If any plot of ground do passe another,

The

## of King John.

The Friars fasten on it straight :  
But let vs in to taste of their repast,  
It goes against my heart to feed with them,  
Or be beholding to such Abbey gromes. Exeunt.

Enter the Monke.

Monk Is this the King that never lond a Friar ?  
Is this the man that doth contemne the Pope ?  
Is this the man that robd the holy Church,  
And yet will flye vnto a Friory ?  
Is this the King that aymed at Abbeys lands ?  
Is this the man whome all the world abhorres,  
And yet will flye vnto a Friory ?  
Accurst be Swinsteed Abbey, Abbot, Friars,  
Moncks, Nuns, and Clarks, and all that dwells therein,  
If wicked John escape alive away.  
Now if that thou wilt looke to merit heauen,  
And be canonizd for a holy Saint :  
To please the world with a deseruing worke,  
Be thou the man to set thy countrey free,  
And murder him that seekes to murder thee.

Enter the Abbot.

Abbot Why are not you within to cheare the King ?  
He now begins to mend, and will to meate.

Monk What if I say to strangle him in his sleepe ?

Abbot What art thou mumpisius ? away,  
And secke some meanes for to pastime the King.

Monk Ile set a dudgeon dagger at his heart,  
And with a mallet knock him on the head.

Abbot Alas, what meanes this Monke to murther me ?  
Dare lay my life heel kill me for my place.

Monk Ile poysone him, and it shall neare be knowne,  
And then shall I be chiefe of my house.

Abbot If I were dead, indeed he is the next,  
But ile away, for why the Monke is mad,  
And in his madnesse he will murther me.

Monk By

# The troublesome Raigne

Monk My L. I cry your Lordship mercy, I saw you not.

Abbot Alas good Thomas do not murther me, and thou shalt haue my place with thousand thanks.

Monk I murther you, God sheeld from such a thought.

Abbot If thou wilt needes, yet let me say ny prayers.

Monk I will not hurt your Lordship good my Lord: but if you please, I will impart a thing that shall be beneficiale to vs all.

Abbot Wilt thou not hurt me holy Monk, say on.

Monk You know my Lord the King is in our house,

Abbot True.

Monk You know likewise the King abhors a frier,

Abbot True.

Monk And he that loues not a frier is our enemy.

Abbot Thou sayst true.

Monk Then the King is our enemy.

Abbot True.

Monk Why then should we not kill our enemy, & the King being our enemy why then should we not kill the King.

Abbot O blessed Monk, I see God moves thy minde to free this land from tyrants slauery.

But who dare benter for to do this deede?

Monk Who dare? why I my Lord dare do the deede,  
To free my Countrey and the Church from foes,  
And merit heauen by killing of a King.

Abbot Thomas kneele downe, and if thou art resolute,  
I will absoluue thee heere from all thy fynes,  
For why the deede is meritorious.  
Forward and feare not man, for every month,  
Our Friers shall sing a Mass for Thomas soule.

Monk God and S. Francis prosper my attempe,  
For now my Lord I goe about my worke. Excuse.

Enter Lewes and his armie.

Lewes Thus victory in bloudy Lawell clab,  
Followes the fortune of young Lodowicke,  
The Englishmen as daunted at our sight,

## of King John.

Fall as the fowle before the Eagles eyes.  
Only two crosses of contrary change  
Do nipp my heart, and vex me with vnrest.  
Lord Melons death, the one part of my soule,  
A brauer man did neuer liue in Fraunce.  
The other griefe, I thacs a gall in deede,  
To thinke that Dower Castell should hold out  
Gainst all assaults, and rest impregrable.  
Vee warlike race of Francus Hectors sonne,  
Triumph in conquest of that tyrant John,  
The better halfe of England is our owne,  
And towards the conquest of the other part,  
We haue the face of all the English Lords,  
What then remaines but ouerrun the land.  
Be resolute my warlike followers,  
And if good fortune serue as she begins,  
The poorest peasant of the Realme of Fraunce  
Shall be a maister o're an English Lord.

Enter a Messenger.

Lewes Fellow what newes.

Messen. Pleaseth your Grace, the Earle of Salsbury, Pen-  
broke, Essex, Clare, and Arundell, with all the Barons that did  
fight for thee, are on a suddeine fled with all their powers, to  
joyne with John, to drieue thee back againe.

Enter another Messenger.

Messen. Lewes my Lord why standst thou in a maze,  
Gather thy troupes, hope out of help from Fraunce,  
For all thy forces being fiftie syale,  
Conteyning twency thousand souldyers,  
With victuall and munition for the warre,  
Putting from Callis in vnluckie time,  
Did crosse the seas, and on the Goodwin sauds,  
The men, munition, and the ships are lost.

Enter another Messenger.

Lewes More newes : say ou.

Messen. John (my Lord) with all his scattered troupes,

# The troublesome Raigne

Flying the fury of your conquering sword,  
As Pharaoh earst within the bloody sea,  
So he and his environed with the tyde,  
On Lincolne washes all were overwheimed,  
The Barons fled, our forces cast away.

Lewes Was ever heard such unexpecched newes?

Messenger Yet Lodowiske reviue thy dying heart,  
King John and all his forces are consumde.  
The lesse thou needst the ayd of English Earles,  
The lesse thou needst to grieue thy Navies whacke,  
And follow tymes aduantage with successe.

Lewes Haue Frenchmen armde with magnanimitie,  
March after Lewes who will leade you on  
To chase the Barons power that wants a head,  
For John is brownd, and I am Englands King.  
Though our shunition and our men be lost,  
Phillip of Fraunce will send vs fresh suplyes. Exeunt.

Enter two Friars laying a Cloth.

Frier Dispatch, dispatch, the King deires to eate,  
Would a might eate his last for the Woe hee beares to  
Charchmen.

Frier I am of thy minde to, and so it shold be and we  
might be our owne certers.

I meuaile why they dine heere in the Orchard.

Frier I know not, nor I care not. The King comes,

John Come on Lord Abbot, shall we sit together?

Abbot Pleaseþ your Grace sit downe.

John Take your places sirs, no pomp in penury, all beg-  
gers and friends may come, where necessarie keepes the  
house, curtesie is hard the table, sit downe Phillip.

Bast. My Lord, I am loth to allude so much to þyours  
honors change maners: a King is a King, though fortune do  
her worst, and we as dutifull in despight of her frowne, as if  
your hignesse were now in the highest type of dignitie.

John Come, no more ado, and you tell me much of digni-  
tie, poule mar my apparel in a surce of sorrow.

Exeunt

## of King John.

What cheere Lord Abbot, me thinks you frowne like an host  
that knowes his guest hath no money to pay the reckning?

Abbot No my Liege, if I frowne at all, it is for I feare  
this cheere too homely to entertaine so mighty a guest as  
your Maiestie.

Bastard I thinke rather my Lord Abbot you remember  
my last being heere, when I went in progresse for powches,  
and the rancor of his heart breakes out in his countenance,  
to shew he hath not forgot me.

Abbot Not so my Lord, you, and the meanest follower  
of his maiestie, are hartely welcome to me.

Monke Wastell my Liege, and as a poore Monk may  
say, welcome to Swynkeld.

John Begin Monk, and report hereafter thou wass easer  
to a King.

Monk As much belch to your highnes, as to my own hart.

John I pledge thee kinde Monk.

Monk The metiest draught þer ever was dronk in Englaud.

I am I not too bold with your Highnesse.

John Not a whit, all friends and fellowes for a time.

Monk If the inwards of a Toad be a compound of any  
poone: why so it works.

John Stay Phillip wheres the Monk?

Bastard He is dead my Lord.

John Then drinke not Phillip for a world of wealth.

Bast. What cheere my Liege, your culloz gins to change.

John So doth my life, O Phillip I am popsond.

The Monk, the Devil, the popson gins to rage,

It will depose my selfe a King from raigne.

Bastard This Abbot hath an interest in this act.

At all aduentures take thou that from me.

There lye the Abbot, Abbey, Lubber, Devil.

March with the Monk unto the gates of hell.

How fares my Lord?

John Phillip some drinke, ob for the frozen Alps,  
To tumble on and cole this inward heate,  
Therager as the fornace seuenfold hotte.

# The troublelome Kaigne

To burne the holpe tree in Babylon,  
Power after power forsake their proper power,  
Only the hart impugnes with faint resist  
The fircce inuade of him that conquerrs Kings,  
Help God, O payne, dye John, O plague  
Inflicted on thee for thy grieuous sinnes.  
Phillip a chappe, and by and by a graue,  
My leggs disoaine the carriage of a King.

Bastard. A good my Lege with patience conquer grieve,  
And beare this paine with kingly fortitude.

John He thinks I see a catalogue of sinne  
Written by a fiend in Marblle charactres,  
The least enough to loose my part in heauen.  
He thinks the Deuill whispers in mine eares  
And tels me tis in vayne to hope for grace,  
I must be damnd for Arthurs sodaine deach,  
I see I see a thousand thousand men  
Come to accuse me for my wrong on earth,  
And there is none so mercifull a God  
That will forgiue the number of my sinnes.  
How haue I liud, but by anothers losse?  
What haue I loued but wack of others weale?  
When haue I vowed, and not infriengd mine oath?  
Where haue I done a deede deseruing well?  
How, what, when, and where, haue I bestowd a day  
That tended not to some notorius ill.  
My life repleat with rage and tyranie,  
Craves little pittie for so strange a death.  
Or who will say that John diisceas to soone,  
Who will not say he rather liud too long.  
Dishonor did accaynt me in my life,  
And shame attayneth John vnto his death.  
Why did I scape the fury of the frenche,  
And dyde not by the temper of thair swords?  
Shamelesse my life, and shainefully it ends,  
Scound by my foes, disdained of my friends.

Bastard

## Of King Iohne.

Bastard Forgiue the world and all your earthly soes,  
And call on Christ, who is your last friend.

John My tongue doth falter: Philip, I tell thee man  
Since John did yeeld vnto the Priest of Rome,  
Now he nor his haue prospered on the earth:  
Curst are his blessings, and his curse is blisse.  
But in the spirit I cry vnto my God,  
As did the Ringly Prophet David cry,  
(Whose hands, as mine, with murder were attaint)  
I am not he shall buylde the Lord a house,  
Or roote these Locusts from the face of earth:  
But if my dying heart deceave me not,  
From out these lynes shall spring a Ringly braunch  
Whose armes shall reach vnto the gates of Rome,  
And with his feete treads downe the Trumpets pride,  
That sits vpon the chaire of Babylon.

Philip, my heart strings breake, the poysons flame  
Hath ouercome in me weake Natures power,  
And in the faith of Jesu John doth dye.

Bastard See how he strivs for life, unhappy Lord.  
Whose bowells are devideid in themselves.  
This is the fruite of Popery, when true Kings  
Are slaine and sholdred out by Monkes and Friars.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your Grace, the Barons of the Land,  
Which all this while bare armes against the King,  
Conducted by the Legate of the Pope,  
Together with the Prince his Hignes Sonne,  
Doo craue to be admitted to the presence of the King.

Bastard Your Sonne my Lord, young Henry craues to see  
Your Maiestie, and bringes with him beside  
The Barons that revolted from your Grace.  
Opiercing sight he fumbleth in the mouth,  
His speech doth faile: list vp your selfe my Lord,

# A TIT U OUDICIONIC Raigne

And let the Prince to comfort you in death.

Enter Pandulph, yong Henry, the Barons with daggers  
in their hands.

Prince O let me see my Father ere he dye :  
O Uncle were you here, and suffered him  
To be thus poysaed by a damned Monke.  
Ah he is dead, Father sweete Father speake.

Bastard His speach doth faile, he hasteth to his end.

Pandulph Lords, give me leue to ioy the dyng King,  
With sight of thre his Nobles kneeling here  
With daggers in their hands, who offer vp  
Their liues for ransome of their towle offence.  
Then god my Lord, if you forgiue them all,  
Lift up your hand in token you forgiue.

Salisbury We humbly thanke your royll Maiesie,  
And bow to fight for England and her King :  
And in the sight of John our soueraigne Lord,  
In spight of Lewes and the power of Fraunce  
Who herherward are marching in all hast,  
We crowne yong Henry in his Fathers sted.

Henry Help, help, he dyes, a Father, looke on me.

Legat K. John farewell : in token of thy faith,  
And signe thou dyest the seruant of the Lord,  
Lift up thy hand, that we may witness here  
Thou dydest the seruante of our Sauour Christ.  
Now joy beside thy soule : what ayple is this ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Help Lords, the Dolphin maketh herherward  
With Ensignes of defiance in the winde,  
And all our armie standeth at a gaze  
Expeing what their Leaders will commandd.

Bastard Lets arme our scldes in yong K. Henrys right,

And

## of King John.

And beat the power of Fraunce to sea againe.

*Legas Philip* not so, but I will to the Prince,  
And bring him face to face to parle with you.

*Bastard Lord Salsbury*, your selfe shall march with me,  
So shall we bring these troubles to an ende.

*King Sweete Tackle*, if thou loue thy Soueraigne,  
Let not a stome of Swinsted Abbey stand,  
But pull the house about the Friers eares :  
For they haue kilde my Father and my King. Excuse.

A parle sounded, Lewes, Pandulph, Salsbury, &c.

*Pandulph Lewes of Fraunce, young Henry Englands King*  
Requires to know the reason of the claime  
That thou canst make to any thing of his.  
*King John* that did offend is dead and gone,  
See where his brentles trunke in presence lyes,  
And he as heire apparant to the crowne  
Is now succeeded in his Fathers roome.

*Henry Lewes*, what law of Armes doth lead thee thus,  
To keepe possession of my lawfull right ?  
Answer in fine if thou wilt take a peace,  
And make surrender of my right againe,  
Or trie thy title with the dint of sword ?  
I tell thee Dolphin, Henry feares thee not,  
For now the Barons cleane unto their King,  
And what thou hast in England they did get.

*Lewes Henry of England*, now that John is dead,  
That was the chiefe enemie to Fraunce,  
I may therefore be induede to peace.  
But Salsbury, and you Barons of the Realme,  
This strange revolt agrees not with the oath  
That you on Baye Alake lately sware.

*Salsbury* How did the oath your highnes theredid take  
Agree with honour of the Prince of Fraunce.

*Bastard My Lord*, what answere make you to the King,  
*Dolphin*

# The troublesome Raigne

Dolphin Faith Philip this I say : It bootes not me,  
Noȝ any Prince, noȝ power of Christendoome  
To seeke to win this Island Albion,  
Unles he haue a partie in the Realme  
By treason for to help him in his warres.  
The Peeres which were the partie on my side,  
Are fled from me : then bootes not me to fight,  
But on conditions, as mine honour wills,  
I am contented to depart the Realme.

Henry On what conditions will your Higyness yeeld ?

Lewes That shall we thinke vpon by more aduice.

Bastard Then Kings & Princes, let their broils haue end,  
And at noȝe leasure talke vpon the League.  
Meane while to Worster let vs beare the King,  
And there interre his bodie, as besemes.  
But first, in sight of Lewes heire of Fraunce,  
Lords take the crowne, and set it on his head,  
That by succession is our lawfull King.

They crowne yong Henry.

Thus Englands peace begins in Henryes Raigne,  
And bloody warres are cloode with happy league.  
Let England live but true within it selfe,  
And all the world can never wrong her State.  
Lewes, thou shalt be brauely shipt to France,  
For never Frenchman got of English ground  
The twentich part that thou hast conquered.  
Dolphin thy hand, to Worster we will march,  
Lords all lay hands to beare your Soueraigne  
With obsequies of honor to his graue :  
If Englands Peeres and people toyne in one,  
Noȝ Pope, noȝ Fraunce, noȝ Spaine can doo them wrong.

F I N I S.

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